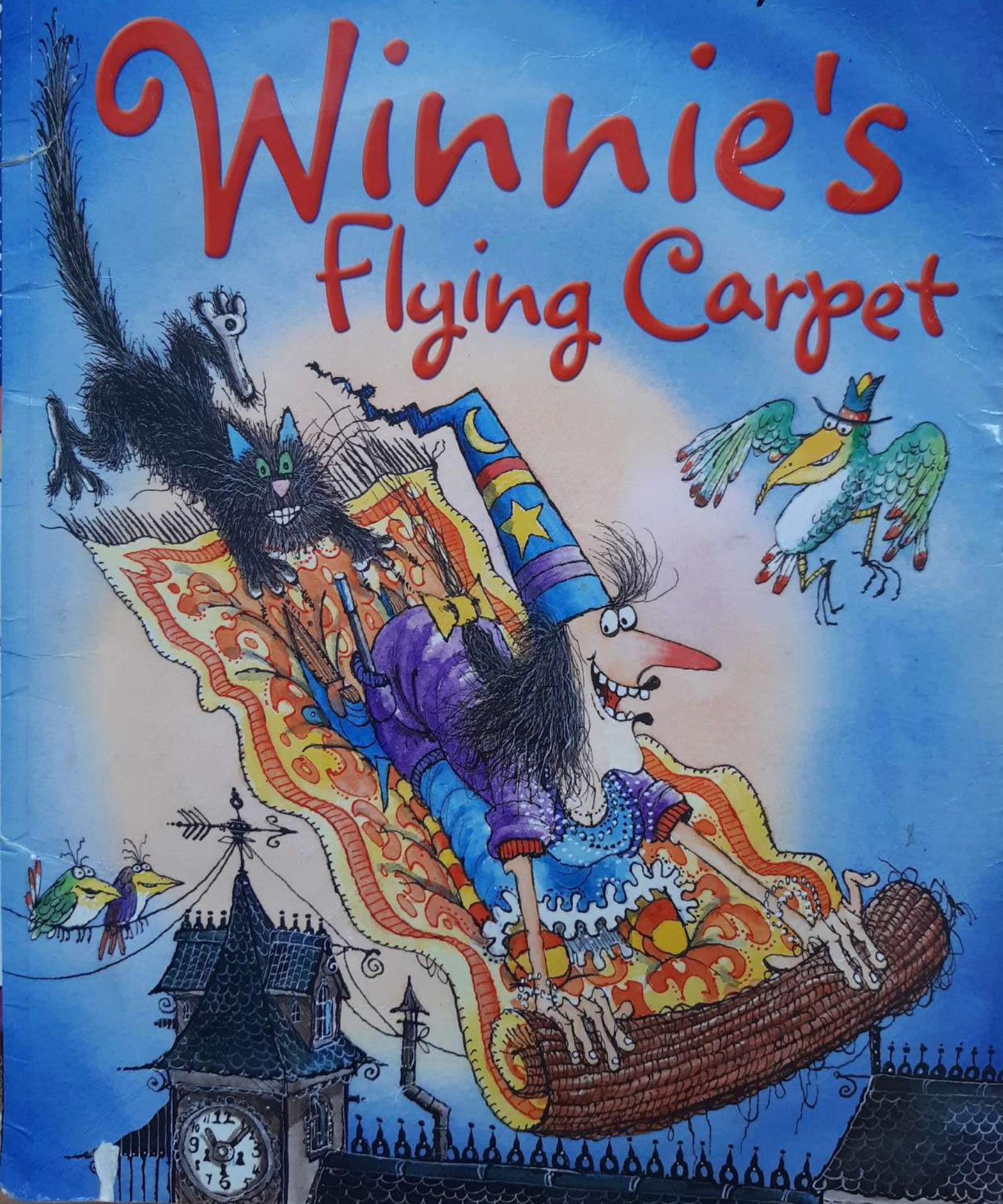


Valerie Thomas and Korky Paul

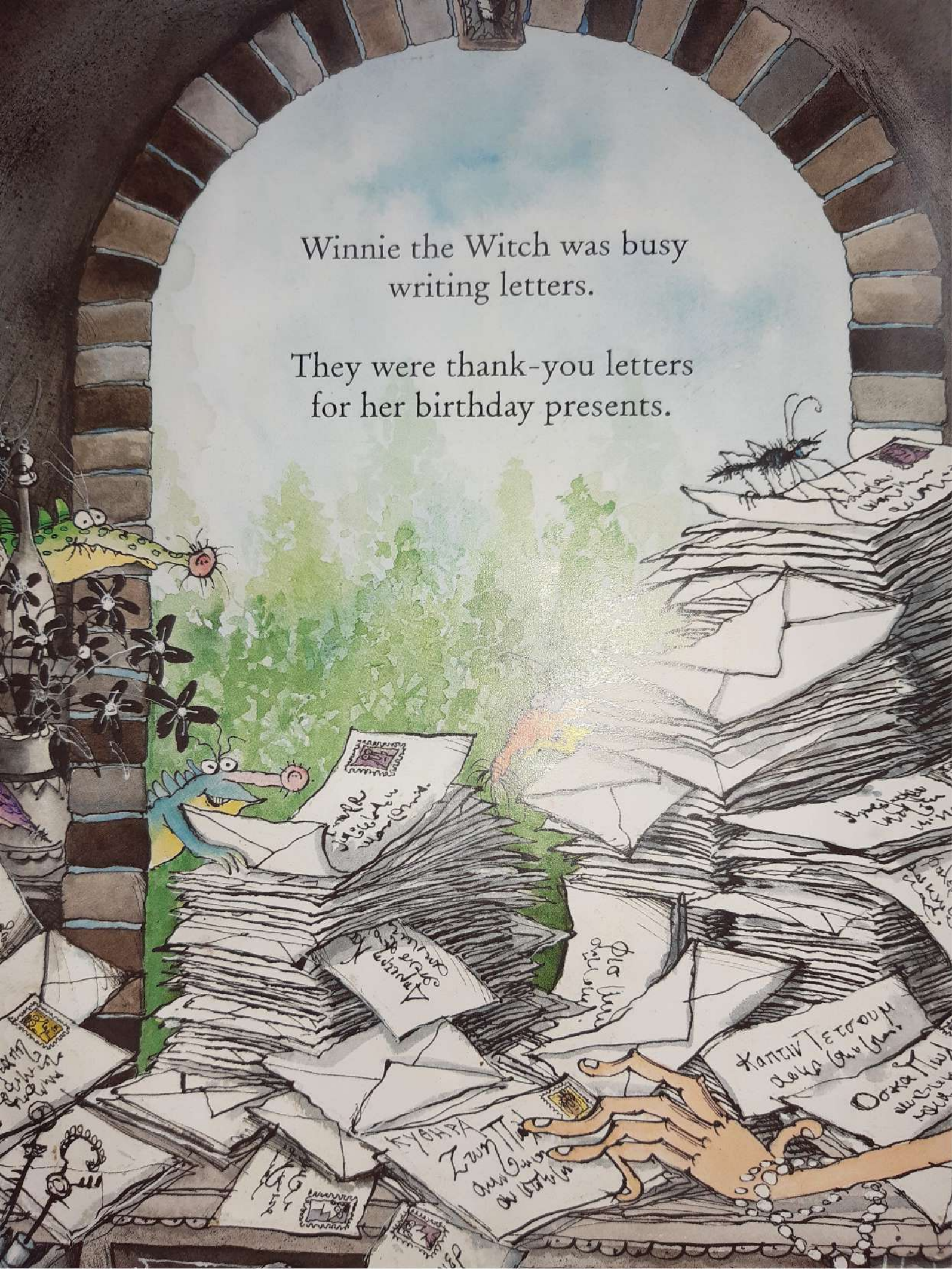
# Winnie's Flying Carpet





Winnie the Witch was busy  
writing letters.

They were thank-you letters  
for her birthday presents.





Now there was only one left, the trickiest letter.  
Winnie's sisters, Wilma, Wanda, and Wendy,  
had given her a flying carpet.  
Winnie had always wanted a flying carpet.  
But *this* flying carpet had been a disappointment.

Actually, it had been a disaster.





There was the time it got tangled  
in Winnie's washing.

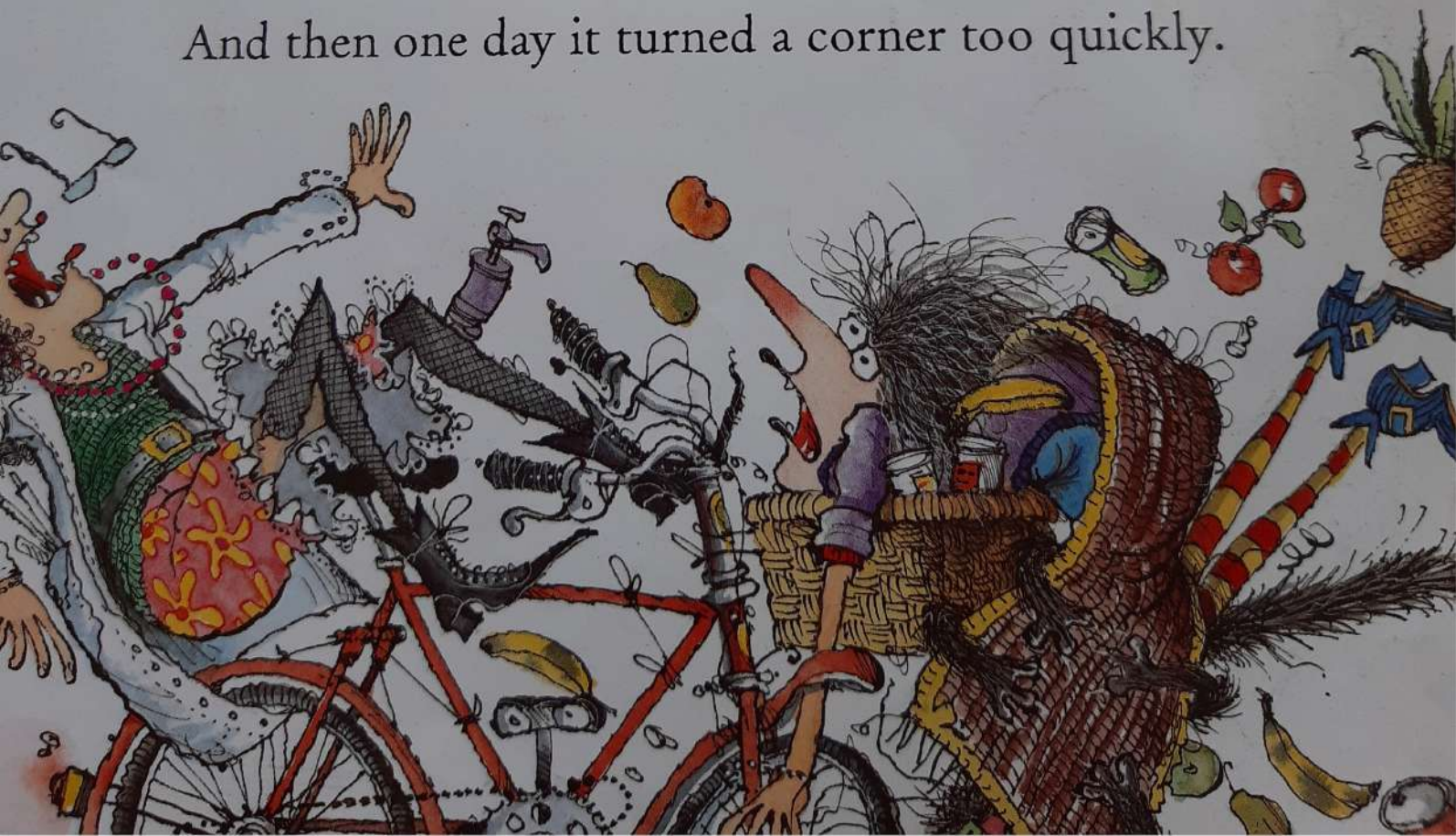




And the day it tipped over as  
they were passing a duck pond.



And then one day it turned a corner too quickly.







After that, Winnie rolled up the carpet, tied it with string . . .





put it in the broom cupboard, and locked the door.



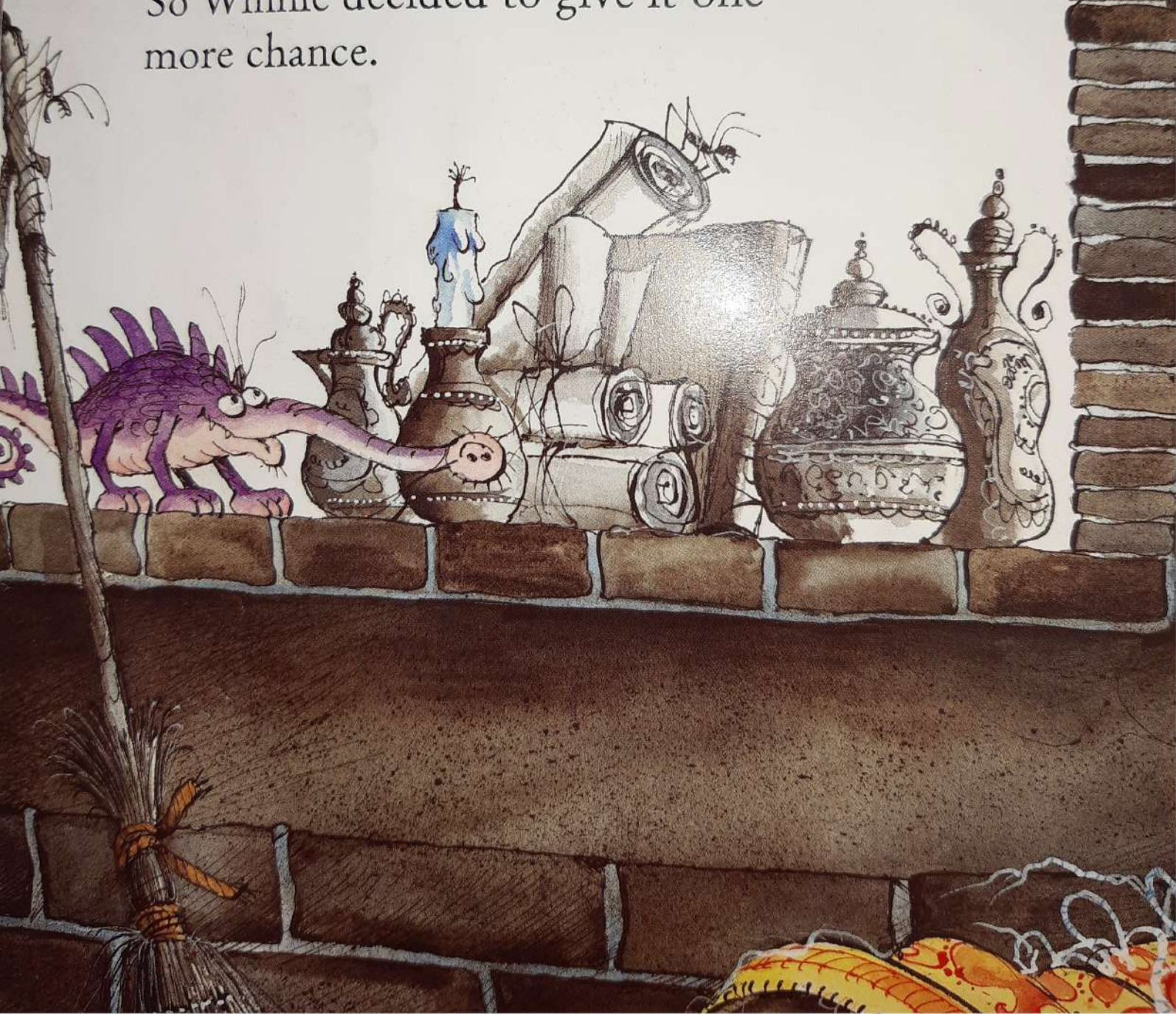


But Winnie wanted to write something *nice* about the carpet in her thank-you letter.

She unlocked the cupboard, untied the carpet, and spread it on the armchair.

It is a beautiful carpet, she thought.  
It seems a pity not to use it.

So Winnie decided to give it one more chance.







Just then, the door bell rang.

Ding! Dong!



Winnie hurried off to answer it . . .



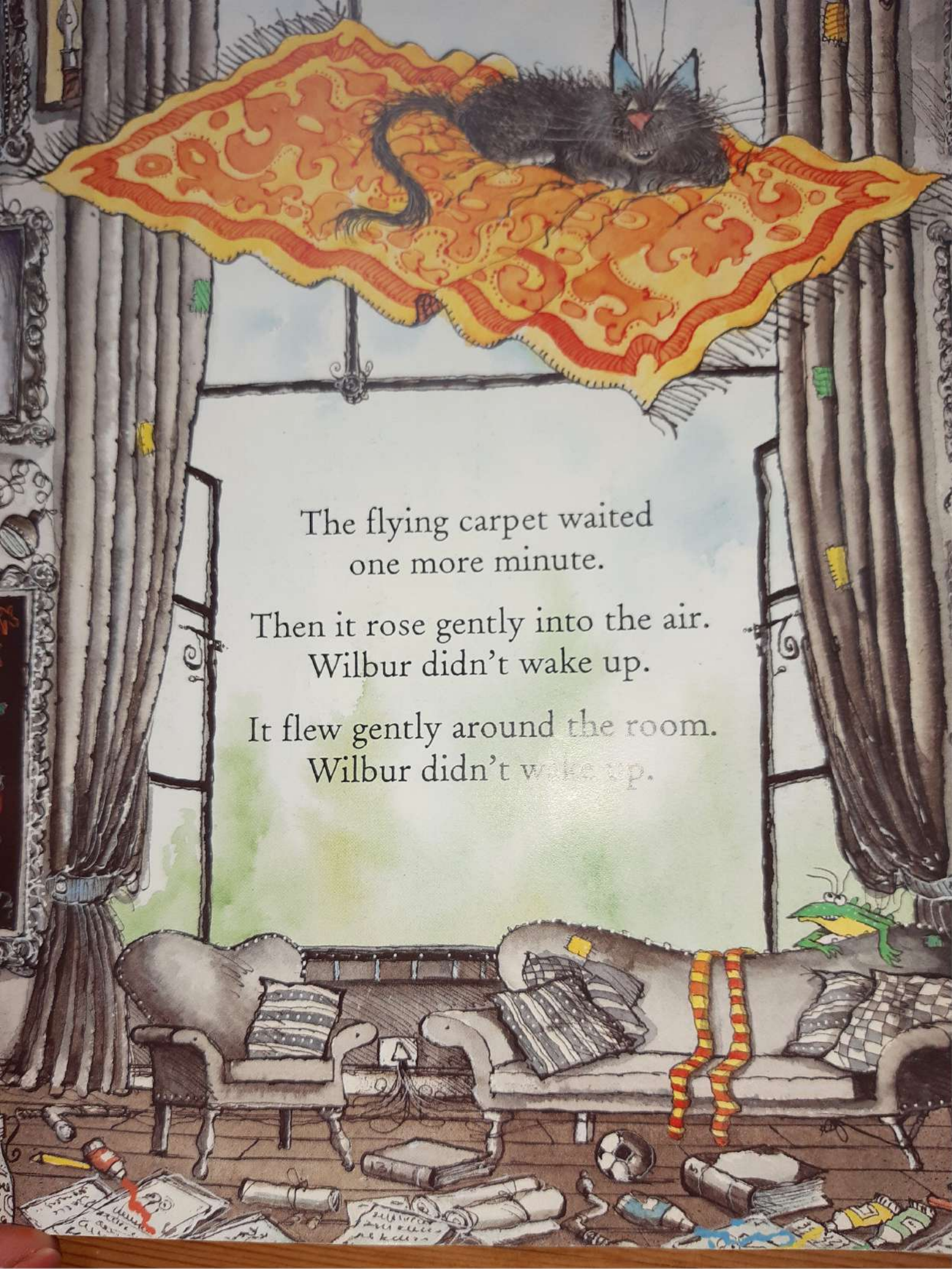
just as Wilbur came inside.

After a busy morning climbing trees  
and chasing butterflies, he was ready  
for a sleep.

The sun was shining on the flying carpet.  
It looked so warm and comfortable.  
Wilbur jumped up and in one minute  
he was snoring.







The flying carpet waited  
one more minute.

Then it rose gently into the air.  
Wilbur didn't wake up.

It flew gently around the room.  
Wilbur didn't wake up.



Then it zoomed out of the window.  
Wilbur woke up.

‘Meeoow!’ he cried.

Winnie heard him.  
She looked up, just in time to see the  
flying carpet zoom up into the sky.





‘Oh no!’ cried Winnie. She grabbed her magic wand and her broomstick, and zoomed up into the sky after them.

Winnie flew as fast as her broomstick could go, but the carpet was faster. It swooped over the clock tower, and under a bridge.





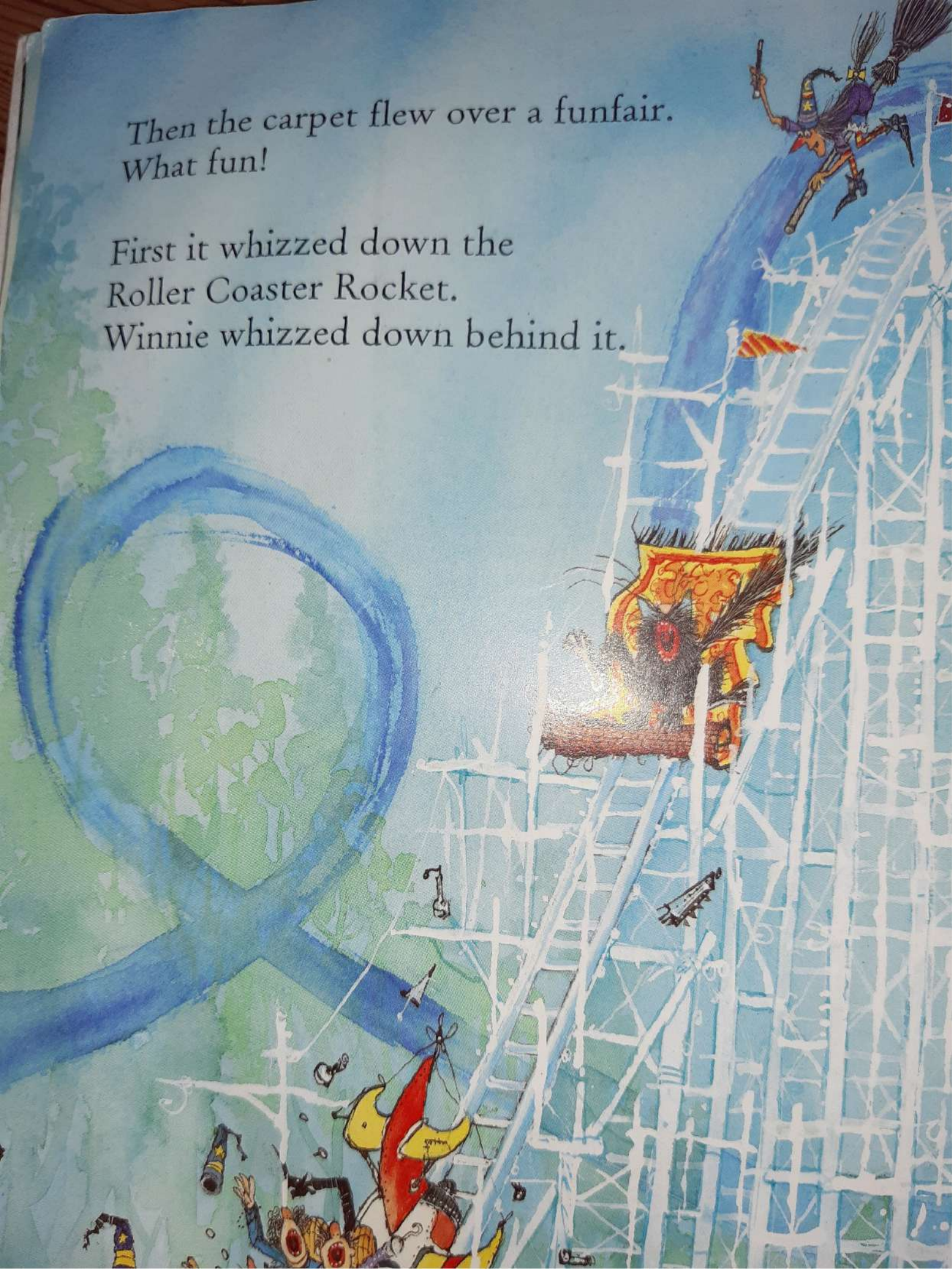
Winnie followed it.  
'Hang on tight, Wilbur!' she called.  
'Meeoow!' cried Wilbur.





Then the carpet flew over a funfair.  
What fun!

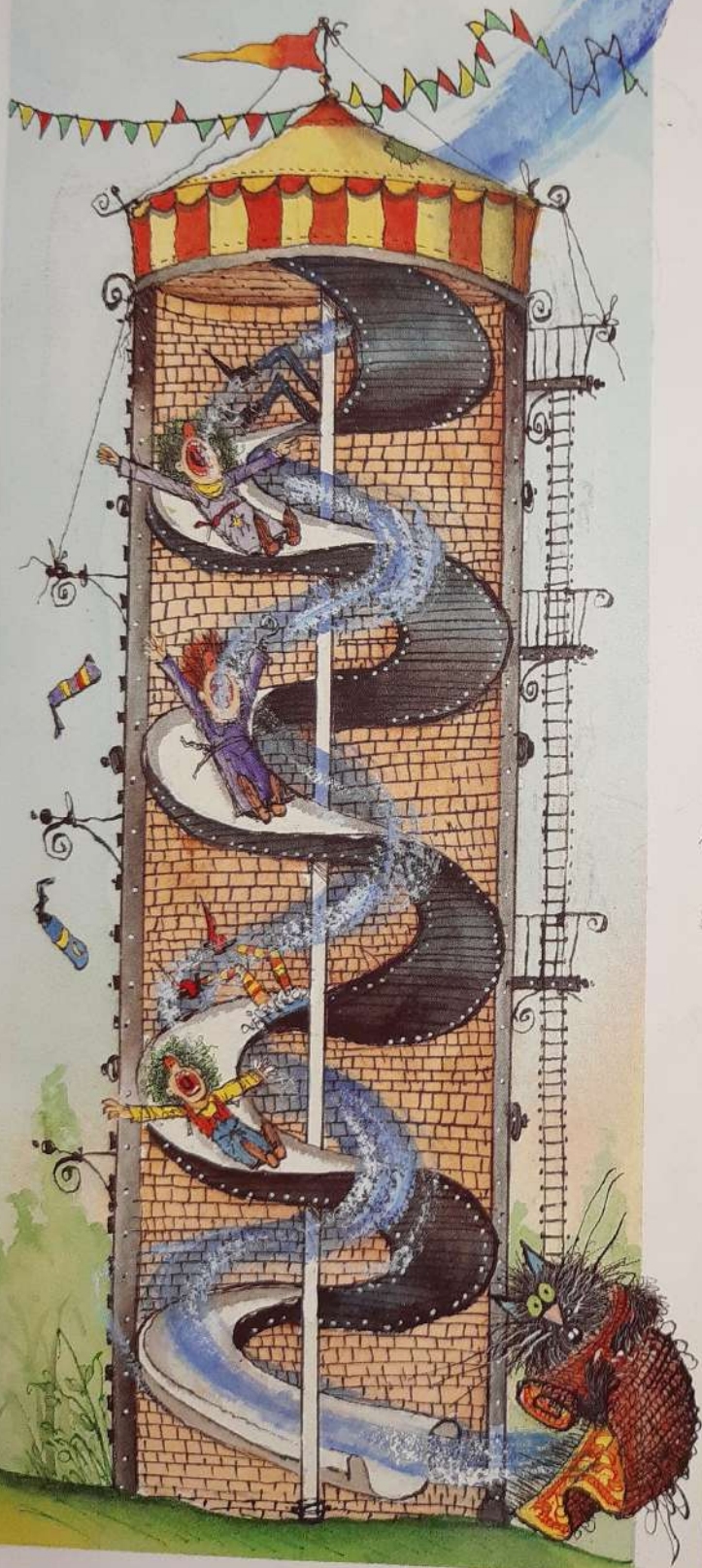
First it whizzed down the  
Roller Coaster Rocket.  
Winnie whizzed down behind it.





Then it tried the  
Terrible Twister.

The flying carpet was  
having a wonderful time.  
Wilbur was having a  
horrible time.



Winnie was worried.  
She would never catch them.

Then she had an idea.  
She waved her magic wand,  
shouted,

*Abracadabra!*





... and everything stopped.

Nothing whizzed or zoomed  
or shrieked or splashed.

All was still. Including the flying carpet.

Wilbur jumped onto Winnie's shoulder.  
'Purr, purr,' he said.



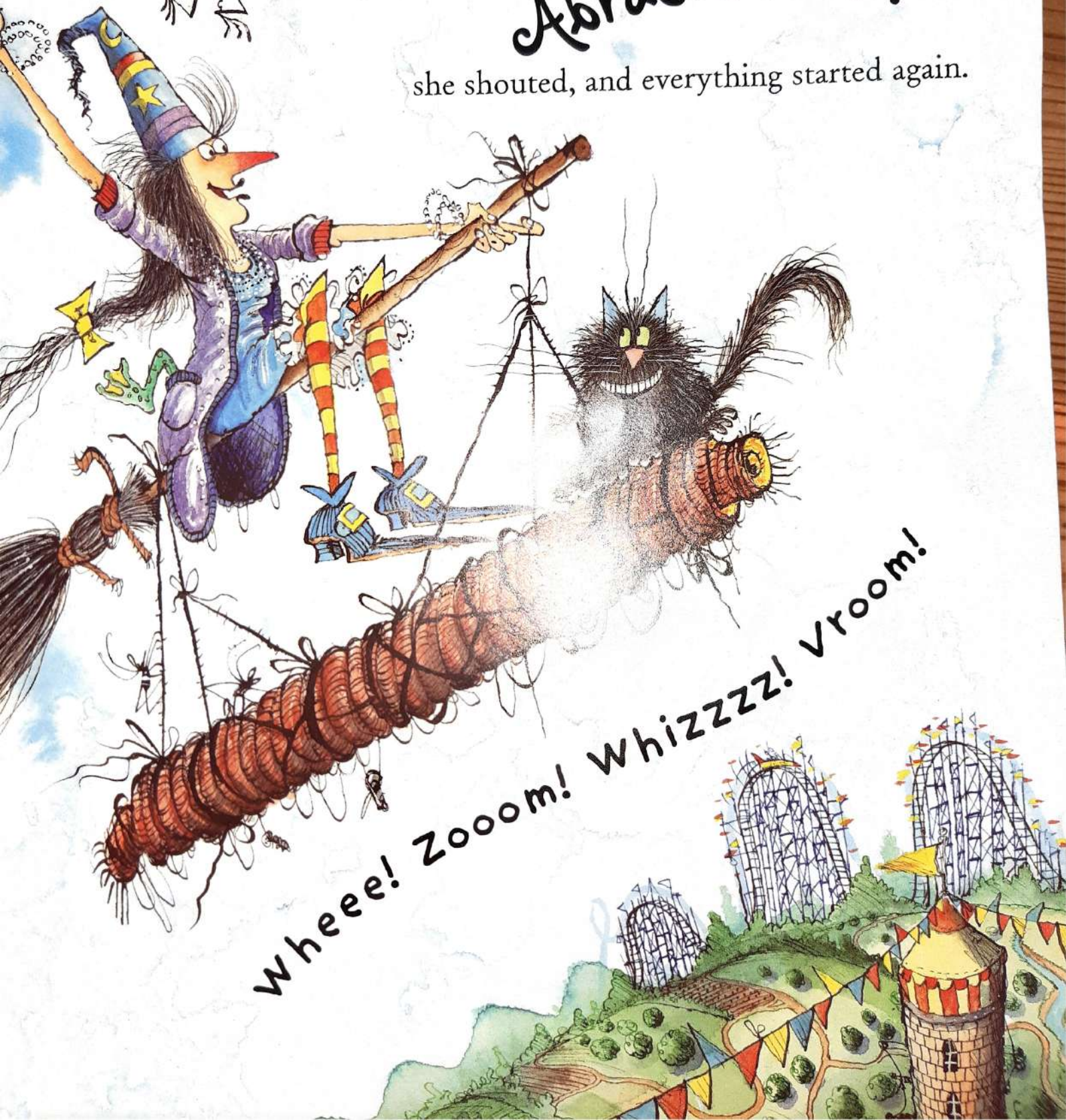


Then Winnie rolled up the flying carpet.  
'Let's go home, Wilbur,' she said.  
'By broomstick!'

Winnie waved her magic wand backwards.

**Abracadabra!**

she shouted, and everything started again.



**Wheee! Zoom! Whizzzz! Vroom!**





Winnie and Wilbur landed in Winnie's garden.  
Winnie frowned at the flying carpet.





Then Winnie had a wonderful idea.  
She shut her eyes,  
waved her wand, shouted,





Abracadabra!





... and there, tied to two trees,  
was a beautiful hammock.

Winnie and Wilbur climbed in.  
They were both very tired.

The hammock rocked gently  
in the breeze.

'This is so comfortable, Wilbur,'  
said Winnie.

But Wilbur didn't hear her.  
He was already fast asleep.

